

## YOU DO ALL THIS FOR LOVE

You make me cry. You do all this for love.

You do it all because you dare to care,

you dare to dream. Someone has to act.

You get sick of hearing about how somewhere

over the rainbow. You know too well why

the caged bird sings, but what about the blues

she sings? What about half-notes,

whole-notes, notes in-between? What about

the slot between got and got-not? Someone's

got to fill that out, indeed, sweet queen of need.

I can stand here all day and tell you how much

I honor, admire, how brave you are. I can

call you courageous, make you a media star.

The truth is this: your kiss to us who survive  
in sweatshops, sieves or suburbs, lingers. Amazing,

your courage feels big and tight and warm enough

for me to ask: "What will it take to make

more of us feel the thrilling seal of giving?"

To give gets what we need and share. To get  
and give back nothing? How incredible, how sad

this wanting world, where women, our deliverers,  
get wasted or waste away. Honored, humbled,  
I know why you do it, know why I cry and get it  
finally that you stun and give more than desert or river.  
Recover, discover, deliver – for love you do all this.

*-- Al Young*

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